

PARADISE IS NOT LOST

Why just the other day
I saw a vision of Paradise
above the trees; I think
it was Blake.
No, he wasn't singing,
but his beard was magnificent.

— Dieter Weslowski

Providence RI

HIS NAME WAS STEVE

but we all called him the Fly
What a pest The Fly always around
getting on us Never stayed
with anyone very long We always
tried to shoo him away Thought he'd
be gone but then there he was
Tried to swat him now and then but
he always jumped just out of reach

Looking back now I got to laugh
Good old Fly Sometimes landed
sideways sometimes upside down but
never crashed always landed
on his feet

A GUY I KNOW

where'd you get those big
teeth with the big spaces in
between and that big belly of
yours for your distinctive
profile and how about that big
voice of yours always talking
man you need some big ears to
listen sometimes too you know I
can tell you a mile away but
when we're standing here
talking I can't tell you
a damn thing